

DELL
ALL COMICS
A DELL COMIC

NOVEMBER

10¢

The Lone Ranger

52 pages
ALL COMICS!



THIS IS A
KING
FEATURE

INDIAN FOOTWEAR



THE SHOWSHOE WAS ORIGINATED AND REACHED ITS HIGHEST DEVELOPMENT AMONG THE KUTCHIN INDIANS OF NORTH-WESTERN CANADA. SHAPES ARE MADE TO SUIT THE RIGHT AND LEFT FOOT —



FOUR BASIC MOCCASIN PATTERNS



THIS IS THE TRUE ONE-PIECE MOCCASIN WORN BY THE ONONDAGA, SENECA AND SAC TRIBES. BEAD PATTERNS ARE USUALLY WORKED ON TOP OF THE SEAM TO DISGUISE IT.



THIS IS NOT A MOCCASIN BUT ACTUALLY A HARD-SOLED SHOE. NOTE THE SEPARATE BOTTOM TYPE USED BY THE SIOUX, CHEYENNE AND BLACKFOOT TRIBES.



THIS TYPE, USING THE "U" SHAPED INSERT IS THE BASIC STYLE OF CREES, PENOBSCOT, AND MENOMINEE TRIBES WITH VARIATIONS FOR WINTER WEAR.



SAME AS NUMBER THREE BUT HAS A LONG, NARROW INSERT THAT REACHES TO THE TOP. ALSO USED BY WESTERN TRIBES.

The Lone Ranger

AND SKINNER THE SCHEMER

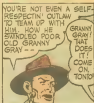












THAT MASKED MAN NEARLY BLEW UP WHEN HE HEARD THAT SKINNER HAD HUMBUGGED GRANNY GRAY. LET HIM GO. I'VE A HUNCH HE'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS!



COME ON, TONTO! WE'VE GOT TO SEE GRANNY GRAY AT ONCE AND FIND OUT ABOUT SKINNER - -



STAY HERE WITH THE HORSES, TONTO. I'LL CALL ON GRANNY GRAY ALONE.



'YOU! THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD!

HELLO, GRANNY.



OH, MY BOY, MY BOY! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE KINDNESSES YOU'VE DONE FOR ME!



MY WORRIES ARE ALL OVER, LAD! I MUST TELL YOU OF THE WONDERFUL THING THAT'S HAPPENED!

I WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT.



I'VE INVESTED A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND IT'S GOING TO BRING ME A FORTUNE!

TO WHOM DID YOU GIVE YOUR MONEY, GRANNY?



MR. SKINNER

WHAT?



YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU GAVE SKINNER A THOUSAND DOLLARS? WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY?



I MORTGAGED THIS HOUSE.

GRANNY! SKINNER IS A CROOK! HE TOOK MONEY FROM A LOT OF MEN IN TOWN!



MY BOY, THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU, I KNEW YOU WERE GOOD DESPITE YOUR MASK. SKINNER IS NO CROOK! I CAN JUDGE MEN. I KNOW!



YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT SKINNER. YOU SHALL SEE. HERE HE COMES!



SKINNER HAS NERVE TO COME BACK TO TOWN!



EVERY MAN IN TOWN IS OUT TO GET HIM! WITH TAR AND FEATHERS!



I'M GOING TO WAIT IN THE NEXT ROOM AND SEE WHAT HE CAME HERE FOR!



HE'S PULLING CASH FROM HIS SHIRT.



I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SHARP SCENER, BUT THE MEN IN TOWN FOUND OUT ABOUT ME! I'M THROUGH!



YOU WERE KIND AND TRUSTED ME! I CAN'T STEAL FROM YOU! THERE'S YOUR CASH AS WELL AS ALL THE OTHER CASH I GOT!



WHERE WASHED MAN?



WHAT'S WRONG, TONTO?

AND YOU! TOWNSMEN COME. THEM SEE SKINNER HORSE IN FRONT OF HOUSE!



THERE'S THE HORSE SKINNER STOLE FROM ME!



SKINNER MUST BE AT GRANNY'S PLACE!











MASKED MAN OUTWIT YOU.
HIM MANY MILES AWAY.



THE REDSKIN TOLD THE TRUTH. TWO
HORSES WERE IN THE CAVE, BUT NO
SIGN OF THE MASKED
MAN!



WHERE'S THE CASH
HE'S GOT?

YOU'LL TALK OR
WE'LL BEAT THE
TRUTH OUT OF
YOU!

HE NOT
TALK.



I'M SURPRISED THE
SHERIFF LET YOU
SEE ME, GRANNY
GRAY.

I CAME TO TELL
YOU SOMETHING
SHINNER, SO
YOU WON'T
WORRY TOO
MUCH.



THE MASKED MAN THAT MADE
OFF WITH THE MONEY
HAS SOMETHING
BIG IN MIND!

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?



HERE'S HOW I KNOW, SHINNER.
THAT MASKED MAN IS THE
LONE RANGER!



LOOK, SHERIFF, WE GOT THE
MASKED MAN'S INDIAN PAL!



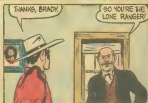
AND THE MASKED
MAN'S HORSE.

BUT, SHERIFF, THE
MASKED MAN GOT
AWAY WITH ALL OUR
CASH.









WHERE DID
THIS MONEY
COME FROM?

IT WAS COLLECTED
BY A CONFIDENCE
MAN NAMED SKINNER
FROM THE PEOPLE IN
DURANGO VALLEY.

SKINNER WANTS TO TURN OVER A
NEW LEAF AND I WANT
TO HELP HIM.

BUT
HOW?

THERE USED TO BE GOLD IN THE
HILLS AROUND THERE, BUT THE
GROUNDS' BEEN WORKED
OUT.

A LOT
OF LOW-GRADE
ORE REMAINS.

SKINNER GOT THE PEOPLE TO
INVEST IN A SCHEME TO GET
THE LOW-GRADE ORE BY USING
MACHINERY.

WHERE IS THIS
CONFIDENCE MAN
NOW?

IN JAIL IN
DURANGO
VALLEY.

TONTO, THAT MACHO
FRIEND OF YOURS
HAS SURE MADE IT
TOUGH FOR US.

WE WAIT
AND SEE.

NOW YOU TWO ARE UP AGAINST IT AND THE LAW
CAN'T HELP YOU!

MEANWHILE

WE'LL GET OUR
MONEY, OR ELSE!

THE REDSKINS AS BAD
AS SKINNER!

WE'VE WAITED
LONG ENOUGH!

THERE'S AN ANGRY MOB
THIS WAY I
CAN'T STOP 'EM, EITHER!
THOSE MEN WANT
THEIR MONEY BACK!

I DON'T
KNOW
ANYTHING
ABOUT
THEIR
MONEY!

UNLESS YOU TELL WHERE YOUR MASKED FRIEND WENT WITH THE CASH, YOU'LL BE KILLED!



DON'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS, BOYS! PLEASE DON'T!



WE WANT OUR CASH!



IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE TO TELL WHERE THE MASKED MAN WENT WITH OUR MONEY!



TELL HIM, TONTO! TELL HIM, OR WE'LL BE KILLED!



WE NOT TELL.

TAKE 'EM! GRAB 'EM!



BOYS, BOYS! DON'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS!



WE WANT OUR MONEY!

THAT REDSKIN'S GOT TO TELL WHERE HIS MASKED FRIEND WENT



NOW, REDSKIN, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! WHERE'S THAT MASKED MAN WITH OUR MONEY?



TELL THEM, TONTO! FOR THE LOVE OF MERCY, TELL THEM!



WE NOT KNOW!

YOU DON'T KNOW'S.



WHI GOT BIG PLAN. WHI SAY RETURN HERE SOON!







The Lone Ranger

AND "DUKE" MORGAN, OF BUFFALO POINT

HOW DOES THAT INJURED FINGER FEEL BY NOW, DAN?

A LOT BETTER. I THINK IT'S ALL WELL.



TOMATO SHOWED ME HOW TO EXERCISE IT, SO MY FINGER WON'T BE STIFF WHEN THE SPLINT IS TAKEN OFF.



BUT WHILE WE'RE CAMPED HERE NEAR BUFFALO POINT, YOU'D BETTER RIDE IN AND SEE DOC LANE.



GET BACK BEFORE SUN-DOWN, DAN.

I WILL, COME ON, VICTOR!



DAN, REIDN'I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, SON. COME IN.

THANKS, DOCTOR. LANE.



IT FEELS FINE. TOMATO SHOWED ME HOW TO EXERCISE MY HAND, SO THE FINGER WOULDN'T BE STIFF.

REMARK-ABLE I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED, BUT I AM.



DAN, YOUR FINGER IS COMPLETELY HEALED THERE'S NOTHING --

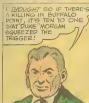
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE GUN-FIRE.



GOLLY! THAT MAN'S BEEN SHOT!



IT'S COMMON HERE, DAN. UNFORTUNATELY, BULLET WOUNDS ARE MY CHIEF PRACTICE.



DOCTOR LANE SAYS NOTHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, BECAUSE WEBSTER, THE SHERIFF, WORKS FOR MORGAN!



WHY DON'T THE DECENT PEOPLE ELECT A NEW SHERIFF?



I GUESS THEY'RE ALL AFRAID OF MORGAN.

IS THERE ANY WAY WE CAN HELP?



MAYBE I'LL RIDE IN AND TALK TO DOCTOR LANE TONIGHT!

SAV, 'DUKE' ELECTIONS DAY AFTER TOMORROW, AND POOLE IS RUNNIN' AGAINST ME.



MEANWHILE...

WHY WORRY? I SAY YOU'RE SHERIFF AND THAT GOES!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



PAIN IN MY SHOULDER... MUST BE RHEUMATISM. I'M GOIN' OVER AND SEE THE PILL DOCTOR.

WHOA - WHOA, SILVER!



YOU!

GO AHEAD - ANSWER THE FRONT DOOR. DOCTOR - I'LL WAIT IN THE NEXT ROOM.



'DUKE' MORGAN - WHAT DO YOU WANT?



SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY SHOULDER AND YOU'RE THE ONLY SAMBONES IN TOWN.

I DON'T LIKE YOU, DUKE. YOU'RE A GAMBLER, A CROOK AND --



YOU'RE A DOCTOR, NOT A PREACHER. JUST STOP MY SHOULDER FROM HURTIN'!

OH-H-H- THAT HURTS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT.



JUST A TOUCH OF RHEUMATISM. UNFORTUNATELY IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?



I WAS JUST THINKING HOW MUCH BETTER OFF THIS TOWN WOULD BE WITHOUT YOU!

LISTEN, SAMBONES. WHAT I DO IN THIS TOWN IS MY BUSINESS, AND YOURS.



EVEN LATE HARRIS'S MURDER?



THE LONE RANGER SENT THIS NOTE TO YOU, DOCTOR LANE.

THANKS, DAN.

THIS PLAN HE SUGGESTS IS A GOOD ONE, LET'S HOPE IT WORKS.

THIS IDEA OF THE MASKED MAN IS OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR AN HONEST ELECTION, POOLE

IT'S FINE WITH ME WHEN DO I START?

LATER...

RIGHT NOW, DAN WILL GO WITH "SKY" WEBSTER. I'LL WAIT HERE.

I SAW "DUKE" MORGAN'S IN THE BARBER SHOP.

POOLE YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST ME. WHEN THE VOTES ARE COUNTED, I'LL STILL BE SHERIFF.

MAVBE SO, "SKY" BY THE WAY, I HEAR "DUKE" MORGAN'S SICK.

DO YOU THINK, CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD WILL LOAN YOU AN OUTFIT, TONTO?

USH!

A FEW MILES AWAY..

CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD SAY WE BORROW MEDICINE MAN'S OUTFIT LONG AS WE NEED IT

GOOD

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO PUT ON THAT OUTFIT, TONTO?

NOT LONG. ME DO IT, FAST

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT 'DUKE' BEIN' SICK? I JUST SAW HIM.

DOC LANE SAYS HE'S A MIGHTY SICK MAN

HMM. I--I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

NOW-IF HELL JUST SPREAD THE STORY

I'LL BET HE WILL

FIRST I'VE HEARD ABOUT "DUKE" MORGAN BEING SICK.

MUST BE TRUE, "SKY" WEBSTER OUGHT TO KNOW

HAIRCUTTING SHAVING



DAN POOLE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE! "DUKE" SAYS I'M GONNA KEEP THE JOB, AND WHATEVER "DUKE" SAYS IN THIS TOWN'S A CINCH!



WELL, WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DOC? JUST A TOUCH OF RHEUMATISM, AIN'T IT?



H-MM- I'M NOT SO SURE.

WHAT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



YOU HAVE A BAD CASE OF MISANTHROPY, AGGRAVATED BY CONCEIT AND EGOTISM.



IS--IS THAT SERIOUS?

VERY SERIOUS!



IT LOOKS GOOD, TONY. JUST LIKE A REAL MEDICINE MAN.



UGH, WHEN YOU THINK ANDRORGAN FELLER COME UP HERE?

I DON'T KNOW, IT DEPENDS ON HOW WELL DAN AND DOC LANE IMPRESS "DUKE" MORGAN.



I HOPE THE SCHEME WORKS OUT ALL RIGHT, DAN.



DON'T WORRY, TIL WORK. "DUKE" IS STILL OVER AT DOCTOR LANE'S HOUSE.

MEANWHILE...

MISANTHROPY AND CONCEIT ARE MUCH WORSE THAN RHEUMATISM.



I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THESE FANCY WORDS. AM I GOING TO DIE?

YOU WILL, "DUKE" EVENTUALLY!



AIN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME, DOC?



NO, "DUKE," THERE ISN'T, BUT I CAN RECOMMEND A COURSE OF TREATMENT.

I SUGGEST YOU VISIT AN INDIAN MEDICINE MAN!

WHAT'S THAT?









WHOA, WHOA, VICTOR.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, DAN.



DOCTOR LANE CONVINCED "DUKE" THAT HE'S REALLY SICK AND "DUKE" LEFT TOWN TO HUNT UP AN INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

YES, I KNOW.



MORGAN IS TALKING TO JONTO NOW. HERE - TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THIS GLASS.



ARE -- ARE YUH BREWIN' THAT STUFF FOR ME?

UGH!



MEDICINE READY NOW. YOU SICK MAN -- DRINK-UM!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT IS THAT STUFF?



YOU COME FOR INDIAN MEDICINE. ME FIX-UM. HERE.



WELL, ALL RIGHT THIS CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN THAT "MISANTHROPY" DISEASE DOC LANE SAYS I'VE GOT



DUKE MORGAN IS DRINKING JONTO'S "MEDICINE". IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, DAN.

GOLLY.



TASTES AWFUL! WHAT IS IT?

THAT INDIAN SECRET MEDICINE. YOU FEEL BETTER QUICK.



OOOMMM- I'M TUCKERED OUT GUESS I'LL REST AWHILE BEFORE GOIN' BACK TO TOWN.

UGH! THAT GOOD?



YOU DRINK-UM IN- DIAN MEDICINE. I'VE FELT BETTER NOW?

Y-YEAH, BUT I'M KIND O' SLEEPY. I...



SLEEPY, THAT'S IT. SAY YOU RED-SKINNED DEVIL, DID YOU PUT SOMETHIN' IN THAT DRINK TO ...



MORGAN FELLER
SLEEP PLENTY
LONG, NOW



PUT HIM IN THE
TEPEE, TONTO,
AND COVER HIM
WITH A BLANKET

WITH "DUKE" MORGAN OUT
OF THE WAY FOR TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS, MAYBE
BUFFALO POINT CAN
HOLD AN HONEST
ELECTION.



YOU GIVE MY
MESSAGE TO DOCTOR
LANE, DAN.
I'M GOING
TO DIG
A GRAVE.

SURE!
COME
ON,
VICTOR!



I'M WORRIED ABOUT
"DUKE". HE AIN'T BACK
FROM SEEN' THAT
MEDICINE MAN
YET.

HOPE HE REMEM-
BERS THE
ELECTION
TOMORROW



MEANWHILE

I BROUGHT THIS
NOTE, DOC TOR
LANE, IT'S
IMPORTANT.

THANKS,
DAN.



TELL THE LONE
RANGER I'LL DO AS
HE SUGGESTS.
I'LL FIND SAM
POOLE AND DO
IT RIGHT AWAY.



THERE, TONTO, IT
LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE
A GRAVE TO BE
REAL.

UGH - THIS
FOOL
CROOKS



MEANWHILE

YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT
WE'RE GOING TO DO
AND SAY, DON'T YOU
POOLE?

SURE, DOC.
LET'S HEAD
FOR THE
CAFE.



YES SAM, IT'S A REAL TRAG-
EDY. I DID EVERYTHING I
COULD FOR "DUKE"
MORGAN.

TOO BAD-
TOO BAD!



HE HAD A BAD CASE OF AN-
THROPHY, SO I SENT HIM TO
AN INDIAN MEDICINE MAN THAT
TREATMENT IS USUALLY SUC-
CESSFUL, BUT IN THIS CASE.









SO THIS IS "DUKE"
MORGAN, BOSS
OF BUFFALO POINT.



I MUST BE SICK--
SLEEPY THINGS
YUH'RE WEARIN'
A MASK...



CONGRATULATIONS,
SAM. THE SCHEME
SURE WORKED!



YEAH, THANKS
TO THE MASK-
ED MAN.
SAY, WHERE
IS HE?

HE AND TONTO'LL BE
HERE LATER. I
GUESS THEY WANT
SOME UNFINISHED
BUSINESS WITH
"DUKE" MORGAN.



WHAT THE-- WHAT
IS THIS? YOU'RE
MASKED?



YOUR HORSE IS
OUTSIDE. "DUKE"
YOU'LL WANT TO
RIDE BACK TO
TOWN.

SAY, HOW LONG
HAVE I BEEN
HERE?

ALMOST
TWO
DAYS



TWO DAYS! THEN I MUST'VE
BEEN DOPED! THIS SNEAKIN'
REDSKIN DOPED ME. I'M
GONNA ...



YOU WON'T DO
ANYTHING--
EXCEPT GET
ON YOUR HORSE
AND RIDE



NO MASKED OWLHOOT
AND INJUN CAN DOPE
ME AND GET AWAY
WITH IT.

TAKE HIS GUN
TOWNO.

UGH!



THE BEST THING FOR YOU
TO DO, "DUKE", IS STOP
ARGUING AND RIDE.
YOU'LL GET ALL THE
EXPLANATIONS YOU
NEED IN BUFFALO
POINT.



YUH TRICKED ME-- THAT'S WHAT
YUH DID. IF IT WASN'T TWO
AGAINST ONE, I'D-- GIBDAP!



CROOK PLENTY
MAD.

NOT HALF AS
MAD AS HE'S
GOING TO BE
WHEN HE GETS
TO BUFFALO
POINT.



AS THE NEW SHERIFF, MY FIRST ACT IS TO ARREST ALL OF "DUKE" MORGAN'S GUNBLINDERS. HAND OVER YOUR GUNS, GENTS.



NOW WAIT A MINUTE, SAM. YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR

SHUT UP! YOU WERE WORSE THAN THE REST YOU SOLD YOUR AUTHORITY TO A CROOK!



HEY, LOOK! YOU SAID "DUKE" MORGAN WAS DEAD. HE - HE'S RIDIN' INTO TOWN NOW!



WHOA! SAY, WHAT'S THE COMMOTION?



WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

"DUKE"?! - MEAN, AIN'T YUH DEAD?



I'M NOT DEAD, YOU GALLOOS! BUT I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP A POSSE AND CATCH A MASKED MAN AND A RED-SKIN!



I-- I CAN'T FORM A POSSE, "DUKE"! I'M NOT THE SHERIFF ANY MORE! WHO SAYS SO?



THE CITIZENS OF THIS TOWN AND COUNTY, "DUKE" THEY'VE ELECTED ME TO BE SHERIFF, AND AS YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, I'LL ARREST YOU ALONG WITH YOUR GANG!



"DUKE" IS STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT A DISEASE CALLED MIS-

ANTHROPY! HE'LL HAVE THE TIME TO DO IT, DOC. HE AND HIS GANG WILL BE IN JAIL FOR QUITE A SPELL!



OUR TOWN FINALLY HAD AN HONEST ELECTION AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE LAW AND ORDER - THANKS TO THE MASKED MAN!



YEAH, THERE'S SOMETHIN' I'VE WANTED TO ASK YOU, DOC.

THIS MASKED MAN - YOU AND DAN REE? TALK ABOUT, WHO IS HE?

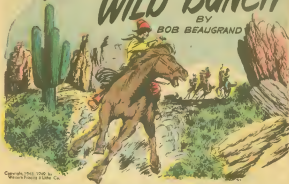


WHY, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW-- HE'S THE LONE RANGER.



BOSS of the WILD BUNCH

BY
BOB BEAUGRAND



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George LeRoy Parker—when he went by that name—was just another happy-go-lucky cowhand of the 1890s. In those days, stock raising was beginning to be big business, ushering in a new order of things in the Wyoming-Utah area which was Parker's stamping ground. Adjusting themselves to this change was a tough order for many of the boys who had been "a little on the rustle," and like others, George ran afoul of the law.

Under the alias of "Butch Cassidy," George was convicted on a rustling charge and sent to the Laramie penitentiary for a two-year term. Somewhat before his time was up, he applied for a pardon. Perhaps, to Wyoming's governor, Butch seemed to be just another cowboy who had made one mistake.

As a condition of his pardon, Cassidy promised the governor not to bother

Wyoming any more. That was all right with Butch—there were other places to bother. Montpelier, Idaho, for instance. With some pals from the "Wild Bunch," Butch staged a cool bank robbery there, netting an unknown number of thousands.

The Montpelier take was big, but it couldn't last forever. Some of it went to hire lawyers for friends in need. More of it was spent at the Robbers' Roost hide-out. Butch planned another job and, feeling pretty cocky, told an ex-sheriff he met on the trail that he had one in mind. Newspapers printed the story.

A few weeks later the papers got their follow-up story. One noon at Castle Gate, Utah, the paymaster of the Pleasant Valley Coal Company arrived, carrying \$7000 in gold. His assistant, weighed down with \$1000 in silver, was with him, and the usual crowd had

gathered at the station to see the train come in.

The paymasters merely had to walk across the street to the Wasatch Store Company, a matter of a few steps. The bandits had to execute their daring plan inside of a few seconds. Bob Lee, Butch's partner, stepped out from the crowd, covering the paymaster's assistant with two guns, and demanded the bag of money.

The rash young man attempted to push past him, but a blow from Lee's pistol flattened him. The paymaster, older and wiser, quickly surrendered the gold to the smiling Cassidy. Butch accepted it graciously and with his partner, backed away from the stunned crowd. A friend had their horses ready.

The few seconds had proved long enough. Cassidy and Lee were away in a cloud of dust and bullets, \$8000 richer without having fired a shot. As Butch explained later to his pals, "Those fellows couldn't shoot—no use of us shooting back at 'em!" They put a lot of distance between themselves and Castlegate.

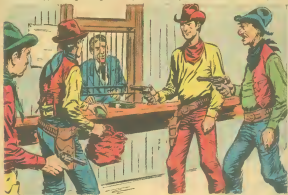
Well outside of town, the two bus-caderos stopped long enough to snip

the telegraph wires that otherwise soon would have carried the tale of the hold-up. They also cut the telephone wires later—but too late. The word was out, and so was a posse. Butch and his pard took to the trails that only the Wild Bunch knew.

Following trails that no lawman had ever ridden, Cassidy and Lee made their way to one of the rocky hide-outs that for years escaped discovery. Even when located, these natural fortresses proved so impregnable that one imaginative citizen even proposed bringing heavy artillery into play against them.

Things stayed pretty hot for the boss of the Wild Bunch for a long while, so Butch became "Jim Lowe," café owner. The Pinkertons were on his trail now, and one of them followed it to the wild little town where Butch had his café. A bewildered Easterner, the agent sought information from Butch and some of his pals!

Pinkertons were not exactly welcome in that company. Nearly every man in the café had some reason that he thought warranted a hanging then and there. But Butch Cassidy, who had never yet killed a man, managed to





save the agent who was hunting him from the fate of wearing a rope necktie.

Both Butch and the Pinkertons left town that night—in different directions. Butch, who was looking for some of his old partners, ran into another party of riders. They, too, were trying to find some of Cassidy's pals—for another reason. Thus it was that Sheriff Beeler captured the boss of the Wild Bunch.

It was one thing to catch Butch Cassidy, but quite another to hold on to him. Butch saw his chance when the posse had to make camp on the trail that night. He made his break, riding bareback to do it. During the night he spotted another band of riders and dodged them. Later he discovered it had been his old gang.

The posse trailed him clear to Wyoming, where a friend hid him. Like the Pinkerton, Sheriff Beeler talked too

much, and Butch was duly warned. Well armed, he crossed a bridge guarded by two deputies, who mistook him for a rancher. Always courteous, Butch spoke to them pleasantly as he rode past.

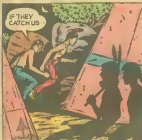
Butch finally rejoined the Wild Bunch but, finding the "good old days" were gone, he and some others drifted down to South America. There was a law there, too, and Cassidy soon was in trouble. A troop of Chilean soldiers raided his rancho. Butch's one companion was killed early in the attack, and he found himself fighting what looked to him like half the country's army. Toward sunset, he found himself with just one shell left. After hearing one more shot, the wary soldiers moved up. George LeRay Parker was dead, and his long-barreled Colt, now empty, was still unnotched. Thus George Le Ray Parker's lawless career was finally ended.

YOUNG HAWK.

LOOK, YOUNG HAWK--THOSE TWO SIOUX WARRIORS! THEY'RE COMING TO GET US!

YES--WHITE FAWN SET US FREE JUST IN TIME, LITTLE SUCK!

RESCUERS OF THE SAVAGE BLOOD, TWO SMALL AMERICANS OF LONG AGO NOW HOPE TO ESCAPE THEIR CRUEL ENEMIES.



IN A FEW SECONDS THE CAMP IS BUZZING LIKE HORNET'S NEST.



AN HOUR
LATER.

HOW MUCH FARTHER
MUST WE SWIM
YOUNG HAWK?
THE SIOUX ARE ALL BACK IN CAMP.

MAYBE... BUT WE
MUST LEAVE NO TRAIL!

WE'VE COME THE WRONG
WAY TO JOIN OUR TRIBE,
YOUNG HAWK.

WE HAD TO... TO POOL
THE SIOUX! TODAY
WE MUST HIDE...

A WOLF... TAKING
HOME A FRESH-
KILLED BEAVER!

WHAT DO
YOU SEE?

GAUNT FROM NURSING
HER PUPS, THE SHE-
WOLF MOVES WARILY...

...AND DISAPPEARS
AMONG THE ROCKS.

WE CAN'T GET
HER NOW,
YOUNG HAWK!

MAYBE WE CAN...
THAT BEAVER
WILL MAKE US A
GOOD BREAKFAST...

... AND HER DEN WILL HIDE
US TODAY!

HER DEN?







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